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Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

"I don't like your happy endings." she sighed, tossing the manuscript back in my direction.

"That's all she has to say?" I thought. Usually, she completely eviscerates what I bring to her. I look down on her stainless steel desk, and at my manuscript. The title, in unformatted Courier, stood out only because of its verbiage. "A Remarkable Misapprehension and the Insanity of Women", a play on Mackay's "Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds". The novella surrounds a young man's foray into the wonderful world of women and his ultimate discovery of, for the most part, true love.

"I'll take it to Razorbill. If they published a book by Kiellberg, they'll surely publish this garbage," she said with a wry grin. We rose and shook hands over her desk. "You're the cruelest literary agent on this side of the bay," I tell her. "I'm also the best literary agency this backwater 'Breen Media Group' or whatever they call this place has, and the best in the South End for sure," she returned, "Now get out of my office."

I stepped out onto Jefferson street and took a stroll onto Fisherman's Wharf. I sat outside of Pier 45 and watched my legs dangle haphazardly over the bay I enjoyed that vista. I looked at all

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I watch the waves lick the supports of the structure on which I sat. I wondered if by endeavoring to carve a niche for myself as a writer I was merely attempting to stem the tide. Eventually, the confluence of the rising sea level and erosion of the continent will cause this entire wharf to collapse. Will I end up miserable and alone forever, regardless of what I do? I consider plunging into the foamy waters, never to return.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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